

The Last Picture from a Trip We Never Took

It's 3 a.m. and I'm thinking about the mountains again.

Waking up to a sky big enough to hold all the things I wanted to give you
every color alive

bleeding, unashamed

nothing faded.

It's 4:30 a.m. and I'm thinking about cabins and smoke and gray mornings
your arms around me, a blue plaid shirt, breath and coffee steam curling
everything soft.

The sun is coming up and I'm thinking about stones and crumbling and big echo silence
our hands

A pick up truck that won't start, the smell of gasoline
rain on a window, long winding road, nowhere to go
rain in our hair, on your face.

I'm thinking about the mountains, about the way they hold their secrets
the way I could dig my fingers into their sides and feel a century crumble
the way nothing really gives
until it's gone.

It's 6 a.m.

in the city

I feel your ghost beside me in bed
waiting to ask me which trail to haunt next

like we weren't always wanderers

like we weren't always lost.